When Light
Is Reborn
Gentle Stories of Hope, Healing, and Home
for Ukrainian children and families

# Contents


**The Tortoise's Journey.....5**
by Susan Perrow

**The Transparent Silken Web.....9**
by Eugenia Lauta

**Chronotopia.....13**
by Eugenia Lauta

**Colors of the Underwater World.....17**
by Yana Yurko and Anna Slyva

**The Story of Homka the Hamster.....20**
by Tatiana Lesina, Victoria Yatsenko and Oleksandr Ostapiovskyi

**A Bridge of Unity.....23**
by Anna Yakovlieva and Inna Ivzhenko

**Far From Home.....27**
by Anna Yakovlieva

**Snails and the Shells that Grew Again.....30**
by Katerina Ryzhi

# About this collection:

These stories were written by Ukrainians during an online Therapeutic Story Writing training held in June 2024 with author and story consultant Susan Perrow (*website: susanperrow.com). Drawing on their lived experiences of life in Ukraine during the war, the stories explore universal human themes of journeys through disruption, loss, and despair toward hope and new beginnings.

Stories give voice to the deeper layers of our being. They connect us, resonate with our own lives, and build bridges of solidarity between human beings.

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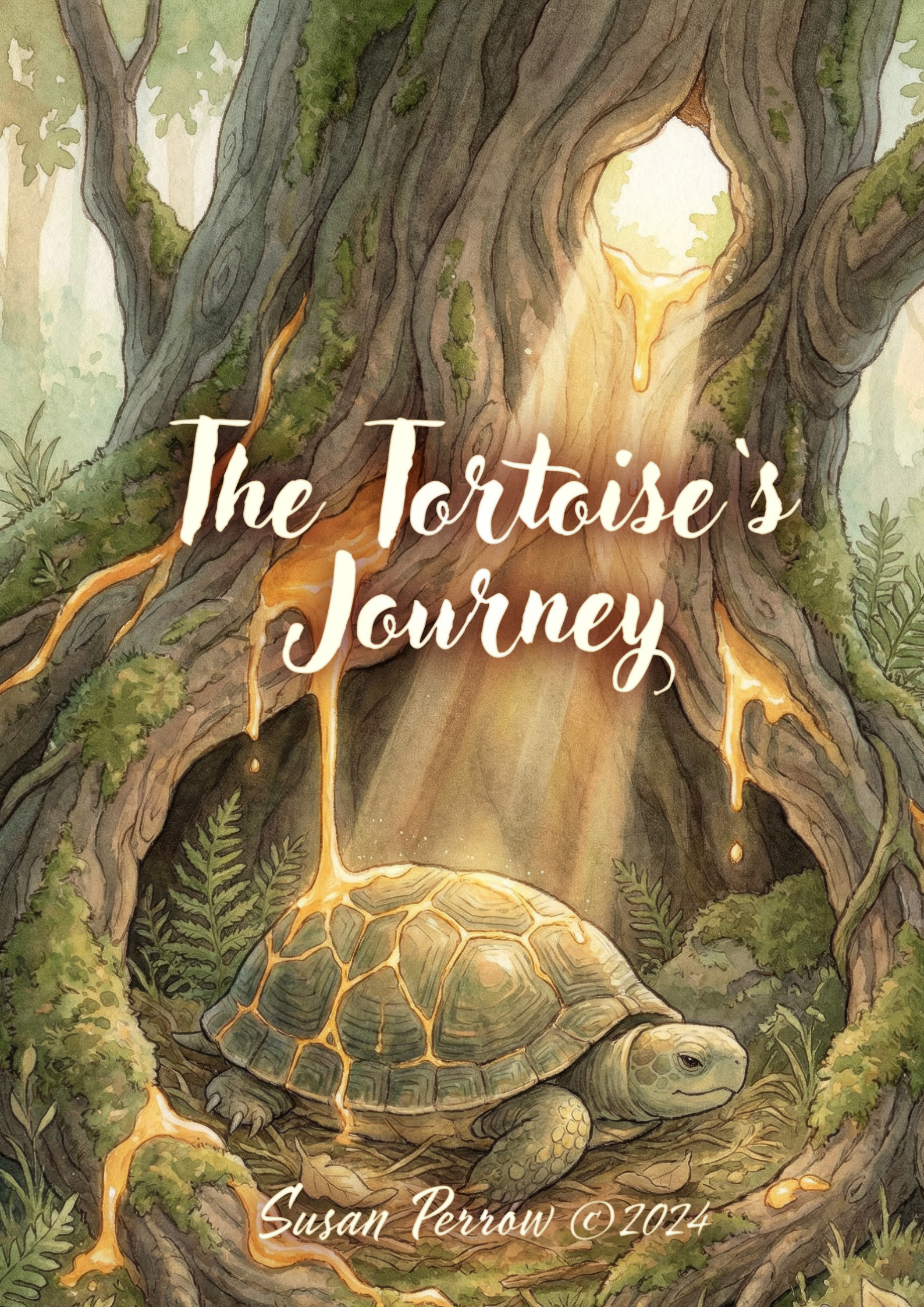

The Tortoise's Journey
Susan Perrow © 2024

# The Tortoise's Journey

***This story was written to help a friend who suffered abuse as a child – her response was "there are many angles and layers of healing in this story for me – thank you!" This story can also be used with those who have suffered trauma or are suffering trauma.***

On the sunny side of a hill amongst the wildflowers and grasses, deep in its warm nest, a little tortoise hatched out of its egg. Slowly she found her way through the soft soil and reached the sunlight and fresh air.

The hillside now became the tortoise's home and source of food. The insects and birds who lived on the hillside loved this new friend. The golden-brown patterns on her shell were so beautiful that the butterflies loved to flitter around her, and the birds loved to fly in circles above. Life was good. There was plenty to eat and a gentle flow of sunlight and rain.

But then, one day, everything changed. Without any warning the weather turned, and black clouds covered the sun. The rain began falling in heavy icy balls, there was loud thunder all around, and lightning zigzagged across the sky.

The tortoise pulled inside her home for protection, but this did not help. The lightning broke through her shell and the icy hail pounded into the cracks.

Finally, the storm passed, but the cracks in the tortoise's shell remained. Even though the weather

had returned to a gentle flow of sunshine and rain, the tortoise could not enjoy life as it used to be. Her friends the ants brought sand and mud to try to fill the cracks, but the rain would wash it away. Her friends the birds carried leaves and flower petals to patch the cracks, but the wind would blow them out.

Leaving the sunny hillside behind, the tortoise sought refuge in the forest that grew tall and thick in the valley below. Because of the open cracks in her shell, she needed to find hiding places where she could feel safe.

From this time on, the tortoise spent most of her time living in hollows shaped by thick tree roots, or sheltering under mossy branches, or in dark rocky caves. The birds and insects would sometimes visit their friend, but they missed seeing the tortoise's beautiful shell as it was now hidden by dark forest shade.

One day, as the tortoise was moving around the bottom of an old and twisted tree, she followed a small path that she had not noticed before. The path dipped downwards, under a thick tree root and into a hollowed-out part of the trunk. It was cosy and dry here, and from an opening high up in the tree the sunlight was streaming in.

The tortoise knew she had at last found a special place. For the first time in a very long while she could enjoy the warmth and light of the sun on her back in perfect peace. She had not felt this calm and happy since she was a young tortoise living on the sunny hillside – before the terrible storm.

As she sat there, she began to hear a whispering song –

Stay still with me, I'll gift you sap from my tree.
Golden sap to mend the cracks, in your beautiful tortoise back.

As the tortoise listened to the song, she felt a wonderful softness

begin to flow down and across her back. She stayed still for a very, very, very long time while the golden tree sap slowly dripped down, filling every crack and crevice in her broken shell.

Now the tortoise felt free to leave the tree and the forest and return to life on the sunny hillside. The insects and birds were overjoyed to have their friend back with them amongst the wildflowers and grasses.

The new golden patterns on the tortoise's shell were so beautiful that the butterflies loved to flitter around her and the birds loved to fly in circles above. Life was good again. There was plenty to eat and a gentle flow of sunshine and rain.

The tortoise remained living on the hillside, but sometimes she would return to the forest and visit the old tree. On the way she would pass near a stream and take time to see her reflection in the clear water – how she loved to look at the beautiful golden patterns on her shell.

The Transparent Silken Web
Eugenia Lauta

# The Transparent Silken Web

*This story is for mothers who, as a result of war, have increased anxiety about the future of their children and doubts about the sufficiency of their efforts in raising them. The purpose of this therapeutic story is to gain flexibility in the parenting process, reduce the level of control, have the ability to quickly transform in case of changing external circumstances, and ease decision –making in the present moment.*

In an old house lived Mrs. Spider. She knew every corner of this house. She knew where to find little crumbs, how to best arrange her cozy corner, and she knew which other insects lived nearby. When Mrs. Spider had spiderlings, she learned to weave a strong and safe web for them, where her babies could grow and learn everything necessary for a spider's life. The spiderlings and Mrs. Spider slept in the web, played in it, and felt happy and safe there.

And one day, something happened! There was a general cleaning in the house, and the web in corner where the spider family lived was swept away. All the web that Mrs. Spider had woven for so long, along with the spiderlings, was thrown out into the yard.

Mrs. Spider was frightened. She had never lived outside. Everything was new and strange. But one thing she knew for sure – her spiderlings needed a new web, and she found the perfect place for it. It was in a colorful, fragrant blooming garden where many different, unfamiliar insects lived. Unlike

the protected house, in the garden, the day and night constantly changed, as well as the rain and sun, warmth and cold. Mrs. Spider decided to weave the biggest and strongest web she had ever made so that her spiderlings could grow under any conditions.

She took up the task and wove every day – with large sections, attaching them in different directions in the garden. She wove when she was tired. She wove when she was sad. She wove when it was raining. Often the web tore because it was blown by the wind, washed away by the rain, or destroyed by the movements of garden creatures. However, Mrs. Spider did not stop; every morning she started over and over again, again and again. Sometimes she had no strength left – she wove lying down, while the spiderlings bounced on her belly and tried to play.

One day, the web became so big, branching out in so many directions and becoming so heavy, that Mrs. Spider could not hold it altogether, even using all of her eight legs. She got entangled in her own sticky spider threads. She pulled different ends, but it only made things worse.

The web tangled more and more, wrapping Mrs. Spider in a thick, sticky layer of her own spidersilk. The harder she tried to fix everything, pushing and gnawing holes, the tighter the web wound around her. The moment came when Mrs. Spider was completely bound up as if in a cocoon and could not move. She was desperate and did not know what to do next. After all, there was not a single day in her life when she did not work on weaving the web for her little ones.

There she was, lying trapped in her own silk. She thought that this was the end, 'Mrs. Spider, unable to weave a strong web, is useless in life.' She closed her eyes and everything became dark and quiet, she did not hear any sounds, she did not see a single strand of her web. Everything was quiet, time froze and there

was only dark emptiness. Mrs. Spider let go, and was completely still.

Then something surprising happened! Suddenly, there was a thud, and she felt a jolt as she hit the ground. When Mrs. Spider had stopped struggling, and let go of the ends of the web, her body became soft and flexible, and slipped by itself out of the tangled cocoon.

Mrs. Spider found herself lying on the ground, looking up at the sky. Light white clouds of various shapes floated above her. Some resembled fantastic beasts, others were like fluffy armchairs from an old house, and others looked like strange rocking horse. Clouds constantly changed their shape, moving, stretching, disappearing. Mrs. Spider thought that perhaps her web could be similar to the clouds – light, transparent and flexible.

She rose from the ground and spun a new web. The sun's rays, the sparkling dewdrops, the glow of rainbows, the scent of garden flowers, the morning birdsong and the cool evening breeze were woven into it. She put all the best into her new web. Mrs. Spider showed it to her little spiderlings and they clapped their tiny legs in delight.

The silken web was so weightless, delicate, almost transparent. It seemed that it could easily break apart , it didn't seem strong at all. Indeed, it seemed so light that the wind, could carry it anywhere. And sometimes it did. But because of this, it was not difficult for the spider family to move around the garden, to see everything that was happening around them, and enjoy every day together.

Chronotopia
Eugenia Lauta

# Chronotopia

*This story is written for all Ukrainians who feel worn down by the long war – living in uncertainty, with their lives on hold, and growing weary from unfulfilled hopes for a swift peace. It seeks to offer a source of inner support and renewed strength, helping readers reconnect with the present moment, feel a sense of unity, and rediscover hope.*

In the kingdom of Chronotopia, there lived little creatures called Chronotopians. They were fantastic beings, with large colorful wings like butterflies, a shimmering glow like fireflies, and as hardworking and friendly as bees.

Chronotopia, where the Chronotopians lived, was very picturesque. There were long rivers and large lakes, dense forests and groves, flowering fields and fertile gardens. In the very center of Chronotopia grew the most wonderful and the most precious plant for the inhabitants – the Time Flower. It rose almost to the sky, had large petals, and inside it was a large dial that could be seen from every corner of the kingdom. The Time Flower had a unique property. In its very center there was a clock that always showed the Chronotopians what it was time to do: play, study, work, rest, create, or many other options for each of them. Also, the Time Flower, illuminated by the sunlight, generously sprinkled all the inhabitants with a magical golden pollen, every time its clock chimed "Ding Dong" which made their wings lift up and their bodies glow with bright light. It was a part of each of them, and it was impossible to imagine Chronotopia without its Time Flower.

One day, a terrible black cloud suddenly came from the mountains. It was so big that it covered the entire sky, the sun's rays disappeared, and darkness fell in Chronotopia.

The Chronotopians were frightened, but they quickly rallied together – they realized that they needed to protect their precious treasure, their source of inspiration and vitality, the Time Flower,

from the cloud. The bravest and strongest of them flew up into the sky, held hands and created a large shining dome over it. The flower could again show the time to the inhabitants, chiming with its comforting and familiar ding dong and releasing its golden pollen. But now it was not easily and clearly visible from everywhere. Those Chronotopians who were far away from the flower no longer knew what to do or when to do it – their wings stiffened, their colorful wings faded, and their radiant bodies clouded like fog. So many of the Chronotopians became helpers: they flew back and forth and did their best to ensure that everyone had enough golden pollen.

The inhabitants of the Chronotopia believed that their shared light would temporarily replace the sun's rays for the Time Flower, and the dark cloud would soon return to where it came from. Their lives would become colorful and carefree again.

But time passed, marked by the chimes "Ding dong" of the Time Flower and the darkness did not go away. The Chronotopians waited for a month, two months, a year, and another year...

Every day they did their best, but it didn't help. The Time Flower was slowly fading away. It produced less and less pollen, and the light shining from the bodies of the Chronotopians was getting dimmer and dimmer. Their strength began to run out. Many of those who were holding on to the dome in the sky fell to the ground, breaking their beautiful wings and crashing. Some of them grew weak and stopped shining, some could no longer see the dial and each other, some could no longer rise and fly.

Suddenly, they all heard a familiar and dear sound: "Ding dong, Ding dong". But this time it sounded a little different: "... Ding dong HEAR MY SONG, Ding dong, HEAR MY SONG, Ding dong, HEAR MY SONG ..."

It was the Time Flower trying to tell her beloved Chronotopians that she was with them and had not gone anywhere.

In all parts of Chronotopia the chiming of the Time Flower resonated: “HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG ...”

The sounds grew louder and louder, from a soft whisper to a loud echo.

Those who were lying down and could not move took a breath and then exhaled:

“HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG ...”

Those who could move their arms began to clap their hands:

“HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG

Those who could stand on their feet began to stomp:

“HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG ...”

Those who could fly flew up and their wings rustled up and down:

“HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG...”

Soon all joined in a single unison of hearts singing:

“HEAR OUR SONG, HEAR OUR SONG, HEAR OUR SONG ..”

It began to be heard from everywhere:

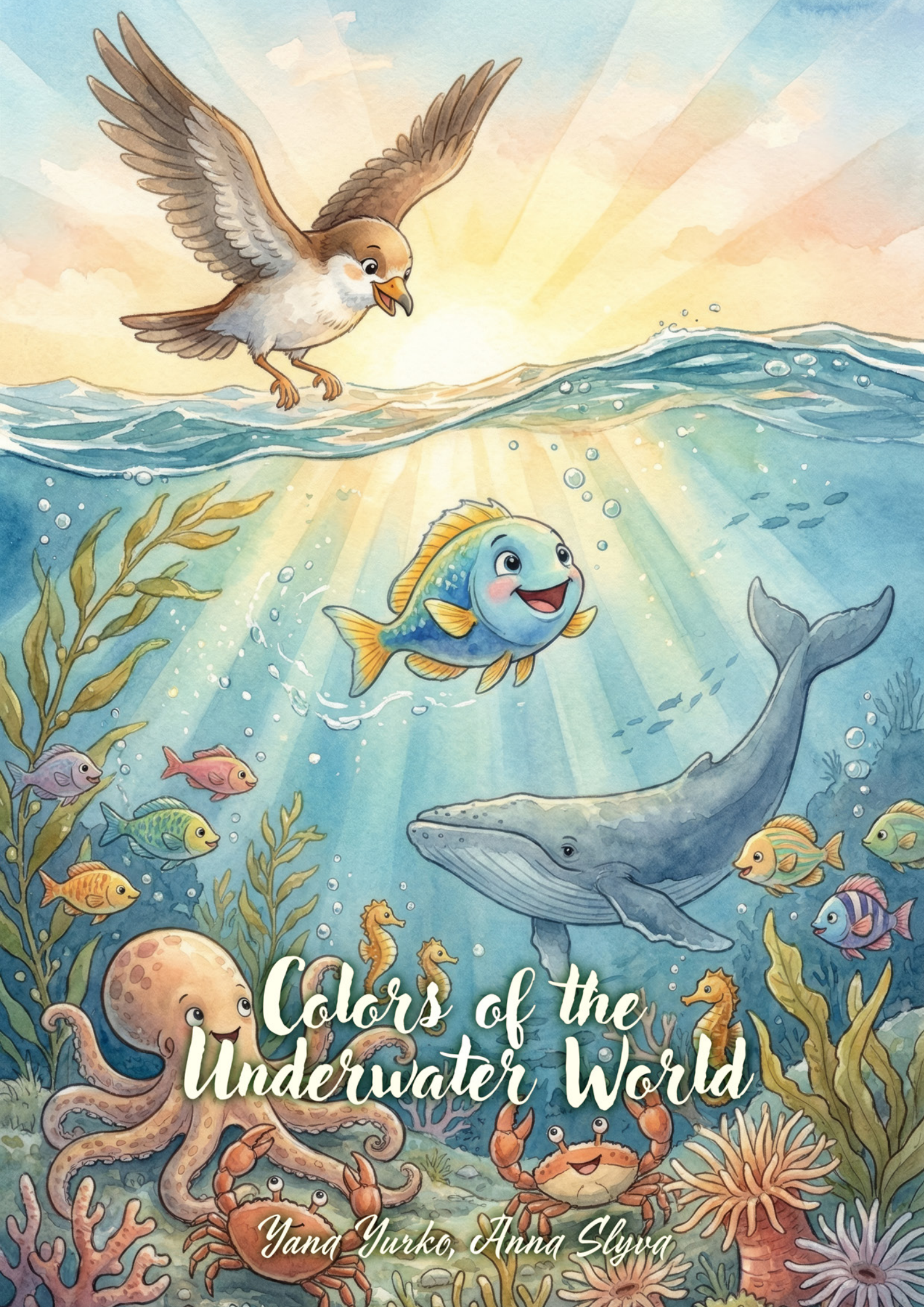
“I’M STRONG

YOU’RE STRONG.

WE’RE STRONG ...

DING DONG HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG, HEAR MY SONG”

Now the Chronotopians were shining with new power from within, making their bodies luminous and bright. Together, each of their lights merged into one big shining sphere that enveloped the Time Flower from all sides and nourished the source that had nourished them. Everyone was united in solidarity, singing together “DING DONG HEAR OUR SONG, WE ARE STRONG” and the strength of their voices sent a thrill of inspiration into every heart.



# Colors of the Underwater World

Yana Yurko, Anna Slyva

# Colors of the Underwater World

*This story is written for a little boy from Ukraine who came from an occupied area to a safe place with his grandmother, without his mother. The story aims to show him that there are people around who will take care of him, and this will help him overcome the horrors he has experienced. The boy is 5 years old, and his favorite color is green.*

Inside of a bright pink coral washed by the warm ocean, livedswam and never got sad, a fish named Splash. The underwater world that surrounded him was very bright and colorful and shimmered under the sun with various wonderful colors.

Splash had many friends, and they played and had fun every day. Their favorite game was playing tag and chasing each other among the bright green seaweed. They also loved swimming to the surface, where their friend, a bird named Sky was always waiting for them. Sky had wings, and he flew under the clouds, telling adventurous stories about the land world.

Sky loved to travel; he could fly day and night, flying from one island to another and meeting new friends.

One day, when Splash and his friends were playing tag among the green seaweed, suddenly all of the colors of the ocean faded and turned black and white. Everyone got very scared and didn't know what to do. So, Splash decided to swim to the surface and ask Sky what had happened. When he found Sky, the bird explained that something black, sticky, smelly and dangerous was spreading on the surface of the waves. Wherever it spread, the colors faded.

The whole underwater world was in fear and didn't know what to do. But when Splash met Sky again, the bird shared that he had flown over a rocky reef that held hidden secrets about magical paints that may help restore the ocean's colors.

Our brave fish, together with Sky, set off on a dangerous and mysterious journey to repaint the underwater world with bright colors.

They followed Sky's instructions and swam in search of the the rocky reef. They explored the jagged rocks, where they met a wise jellyfish, and she gave them a map of the mysterious seaweed labyrinths. They got the map, followed the instructions carefully, and arrived at a place where they needed to untangle the seaweed and find the yellow color to paint the sand.

Their next task was to find the green color for Splash's favorite seaweed. To help them with this, a stingray told them about an old sunken ship, and in one of its decks, they could find a green – colored shell that would help them. The underwater inhabitants showed them the way to the ship.

Our heroes had already found two colors, and the most important one remained to be found – the sky-blue color for the ocean. Sky suggested asking the sky to share a piece of its color. And this idea worked.

The friends were very happy, but tired, and didn't know how to find the strength to get home. The ocean, with its last strength, sent them a whale, on which they returned home. They arrived happily, and together they began painting the ocean. When the ocean filled with the power of magical paints, it started helping to paint the underwater world for its inhabitants.

Over time, the underwater world regained all its colors, and everyone began to live in peace and harmony again.

The Story of
Homka the Hamster
Tatiana Lesina, Victoria Yatsenko,
Oleksandr Ostapiovskyi

# The Story of Homka the Hamster

*A story for a wonderful 8-year-old boy who felt safe only behind closed doors.*

In a forest clearing, under a green oak tree, there lived a hamster named Homka. His home was a large, sprawling burrow deep underground with a massive wooden door, which he kept closed with a big, strong lock.

Sitting in his cozy house, Homka would hum a song:

I stay snug and cozy
Behind my closed door.
No matter what happens,
I'm safe in my home

One day Homka forgot to close the lock on the door. A breeze blew and opened the door just a little. A pleasant scent of herbs and flowers, the sound of birds singing, and the light of the sun peeked in from the forest. At first the hamster was afraid, because he had forgotten about the sounds, scents and colors of the forest outside. But then he heard an unusual rustling sound. The hamster wondered who was making strange noises in the forest. He cautiously poked his head outside the door, and at that moment a butterfly landed on the hamster's nose. It was so beautiful and brightly colored, with big fluttering wings. The hamster was fascinated by the butterfly's graceful beauty. He welcomed it inside, to visit his house.

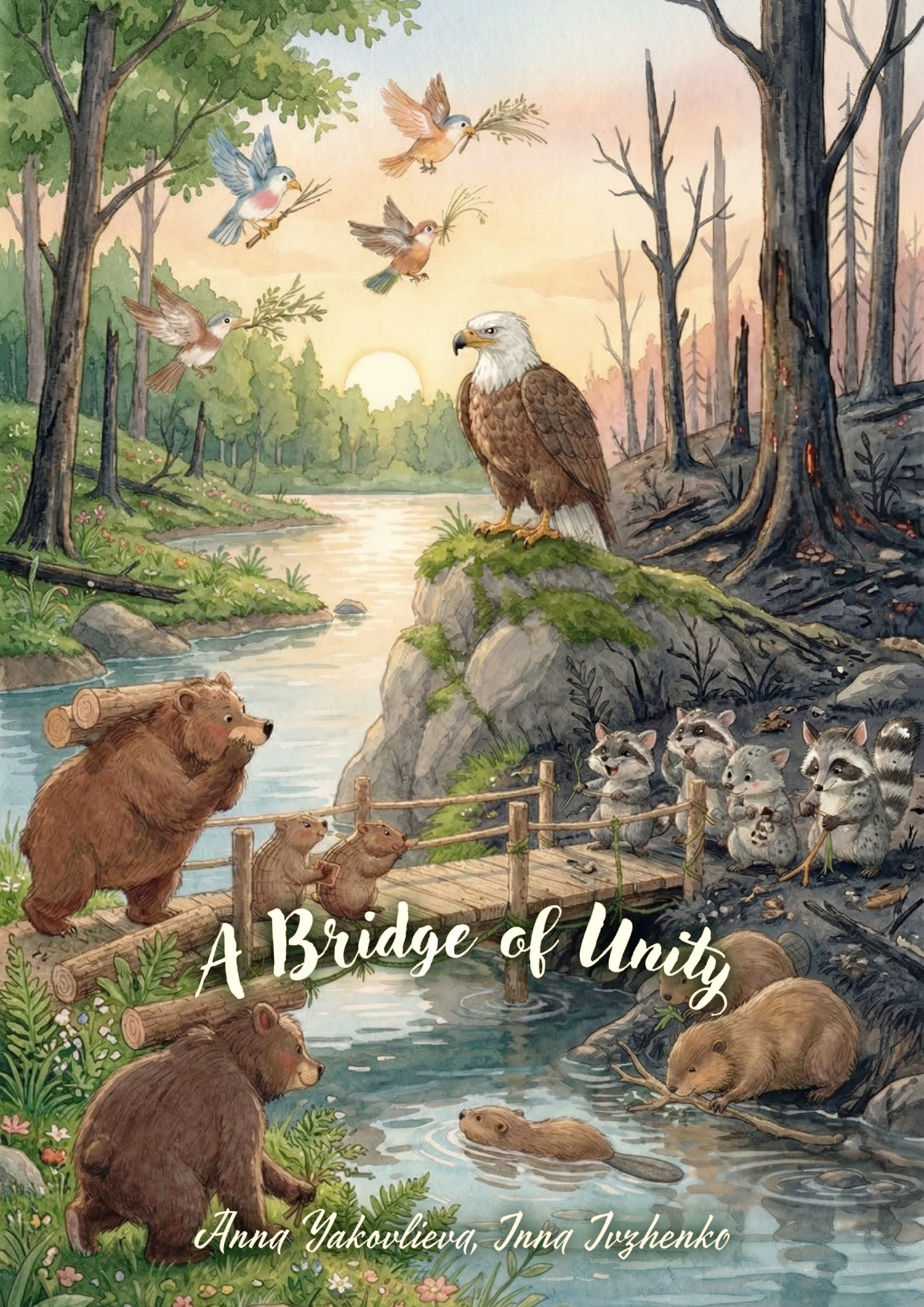
Through the open door, the butterfly flew into the house and rays of sunlight entered too.

Homka was very pleased that it was sunny and bright in his house. And he began to feel warm and happy inside. Homka treated the butterfly to a fragrant flower tea and basked in the warm sunlight, as the sun had also come in to visit the hamster.

Since then, the lock that Homka used to use to tightly close the door of his house has been forgotten on the table. Homka began to like keeping the door just a little open, because he knew that at any moment the butterfly might come to visit him, or perhaps the sun might like to enter with its joyful rays, or a fragrant, playful breeze might blow in.

And every day, waiting for this joyful meeting, Homka sang his song, but now it had different words:

Sunshine and Butterfly
I eagerly await,
And I open the door
To welcome joy!


A Bridge of Unity
Anna Yakovlieva, Inna Ivzhenko

# A Bridge of Unity

*Because of the war, many Ukrainians were forced to go abroad. However, for various reasons, not everyone had this opportunity. At first, united by a common misfortune, people treated each other with understanding and compassion. However, over time, reproaches and accusations began to be heard from both those still inside and those that were now outside the country. And, unfortunately, this trend continues to this day.*

The great forest was home to many animals, and their favourite place was the meadow near the old oak tree. There they gathered to chat, share forest news and celebrate significant events together. But sometimes they quarrelled. Then a wise eagle would fly into the forest, sit on a branch of an old oak tree, listen carefully to the animals and always give good advice.

One dark night, lightning struck the old sturdy oak tree. The tree immediately burst into flames and sparks flew in all directions. The fire quickly spread to the grass and neighbouring trees. Before the forest inhabitants knew it, a terrible fire had started.

The frightened animals ran away wherever they could. Birds flew high into the sky. Bears and wolves hid in holes and large pits, and the poor deer were so terrified that they could not move. Many animals ran to the riverbank. The animals that swam well quickly got to the other side. The animals that could not swim jumped into the water to escape the fire. The flames burned them mercilessly, but they had hope of being saved.

The fire burned for many days and it seemed that it would never go out. But when it started to rain, the fire

retreated in some places and subsided a little. But the beautiful forest had changed forever. Instead of tall trees, there were piles of glowing coals and white smoke continued to rise into the sky.

Gradually, life in the forest began to recover. Animals came out of the water, crawled out of their holes. Some even returned from the other side of the river. But how hard it was for the animals to live there! As soon as the clouds gathered and storms returned, lightning would strike and the forest would burn again. There is no need to talk about the exhausting search for food. The animals on the other side of the river had a hard time, too: there was not enough food in the steppe, and the animals there were different, unfamiliar. They were very homesick. However, seeing the storm clouds across the river and listening to the rumbling of thunder, they were afraid to return to the forest.

The meadow where the old oak tree had grown burned to the ground, so the animals gathered more and more often on both banks of the river and shared what was in their hearts. But one day something strange began to happen between them. One rash glance, one careless movement – and a quarrel broke out as easily as a forest fire. In an instant, the fur of the predators stood up, they bared their teeth and growled at each other. Birds flew up into the sky and circled threateningly above them. The squirrels and other small animals began to throw stones randomly in different directions. Eventually, they made such a racket that it could be heard all around. They snarled at each other, but no one wanted to listen to anyone. A wise eagle flew over to the noise of the quarrel and sat on a rock in the middle of the river.

“Why are you shouting so loudly?” asked the wise bird. “I see that the stones have already started flying from bank to bank. Is this a new game you’re playing?”

The animals immediately fell silent, only now realising how far the argument had gone.

“I don’t like this kind of game,” said the grey bird thoughtfully. He looked carefully at one group of animals and then at the other.

“Let’s build a bridge together,” he suddenly suggested.

“A bridge?” the animals said in surprise. “We don’t know how to do that!”

“So,what if you don’t know? I don’t know either. Let’s try and see what happens.”

The animals were puzzled by this proposal. What bridge? What was the purpose of this bridge? However, no one dared to object.

“Where should we start? What should we do? How should we build it?” they asked cautiously.

“Do what each of you can do best. Let everyone do what they are used to doing every day,” said the wise eagle and flew away.

On both sides of the river, work began, hesitantly at first, but soon new sounds were echoing across the water. Birds carried grass, raccoons wove ropes, boars dug holes for poles, and bears carried fallen trees and stacked them near the water. The beavers turned to their favorite craft – building. The wise eagle, soaring high in the sky, watched with pleasure as more and more animals gathered by the river and got to work. The forest filled with new sounds: birds chirped excitedly, bears and wild boars snorted heavily, and the busy sounds of beavers carried along the riverbank. However, no one argued anymore; instead, everyone worked together in harmony so that the two halves of the bridge could meet in the middle of the river as soon as possible.

Far From Home
Anna Yakovlieva

# Far From Home

*I wrote this story for my sons, who were forced to leave for another country because of the war. They miss their home and friends, whom they cannot see now. All they have left is online communication.*

There were many small islands in the middle of the wide river. Every spring, they were overgrown with lush grasses, and green reeds formed a dense fringe along the riverbank. Dandelions, like little suns, fluttered in the emerald meadow. Over time, the little flowers turned into white clouds with hundreds of small seeds. With the first breath of wind, they fell off the stems and floated to the ground to sprout close to one another the following spring.

But one day, black clouds filled the sky and thunder broke the silence of the night. A fierce wind swept across the meadow. It churned the river water which rose up and smashed against the bank, breaking the reeds and uprooting old willow trees. Even the small dandelion seeds were not spared. Thousands of clouds rose into the sky and scattered in different directions. They fell randomly into the water, on the neighbouring islands and in the middle of another meadow, far from the river.

One small seed fell into the river and was carried away by the swift current. Little by little the wind faded and the water no longer rushed so fiercely. The current finally brought her to the bank, where a soft bed of fallen leaves sheltered her from the weather. She was confused and had no idea where she was. However, for the first time in many days, she felt warm and safe. A small hiding place beneath the leaves became her shelter. And despite the cheerful chirping of birds around her, she continued to hide, sadly remembering her home meadow and her lost friends.

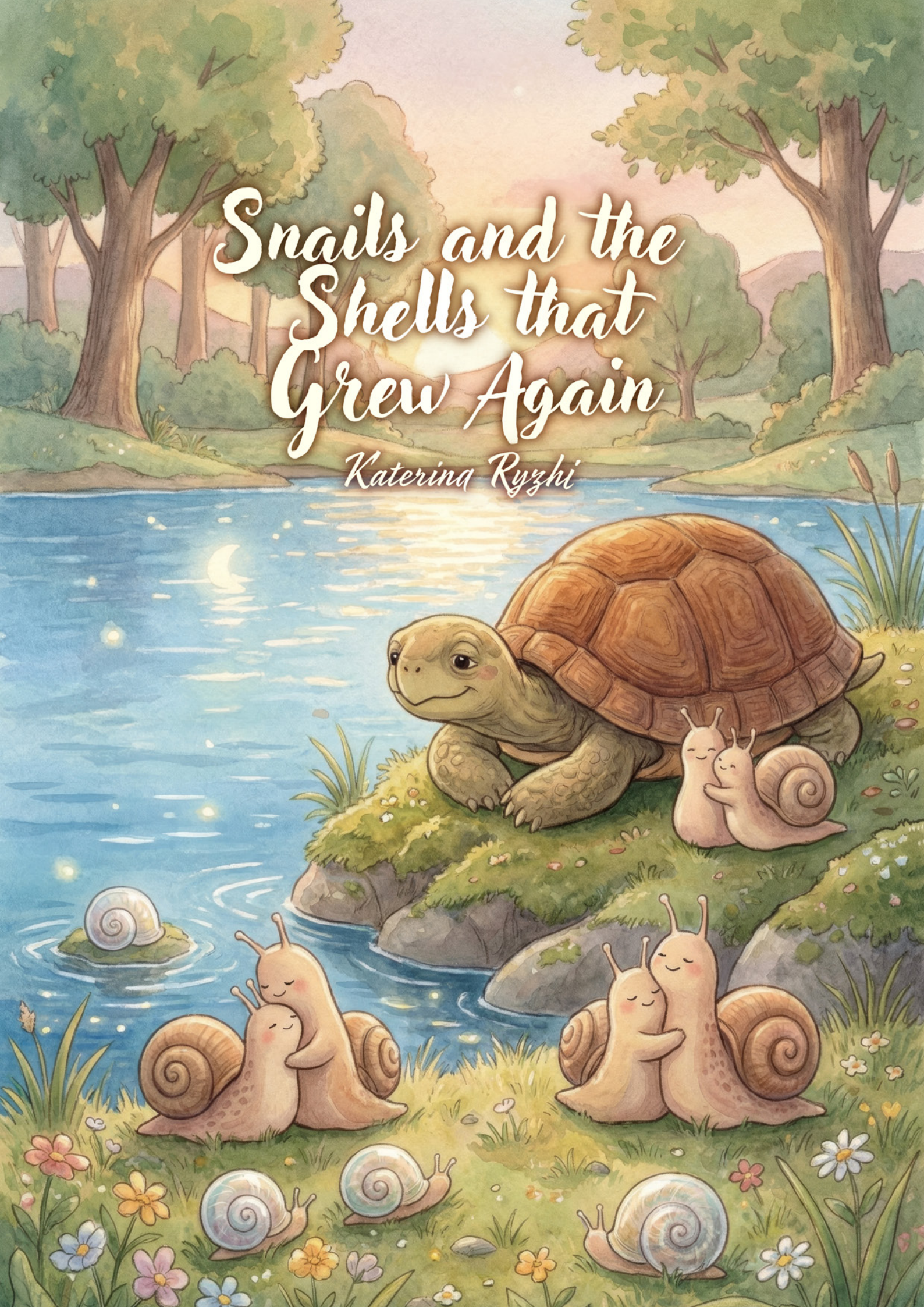
Day after day went by until she heard the familiar whisper of the wind. It told her about home and the fate of the other seeds. She listened with a heavy heart and asked it to tell her friends about her. From then on, she spent her days waiting for the wind and the news it carried.

Time passed and the seasons changed. Before she knew it, winter came and frosts set in. The tired little seed, covered with fallen leaves, finally fell asleep. She dreamt of an emerald meadow and a whole sea of bright yellow dandelions.

It was the best dream of her life. Suddenly, through her dream, she heard a cheerful bird chirping:

"Good morning, all, it's time to rise,
Spring is here with sunny skies!
Flowers bloom and trees are green,
Wake up! Wake up! It's a lovely scene!"

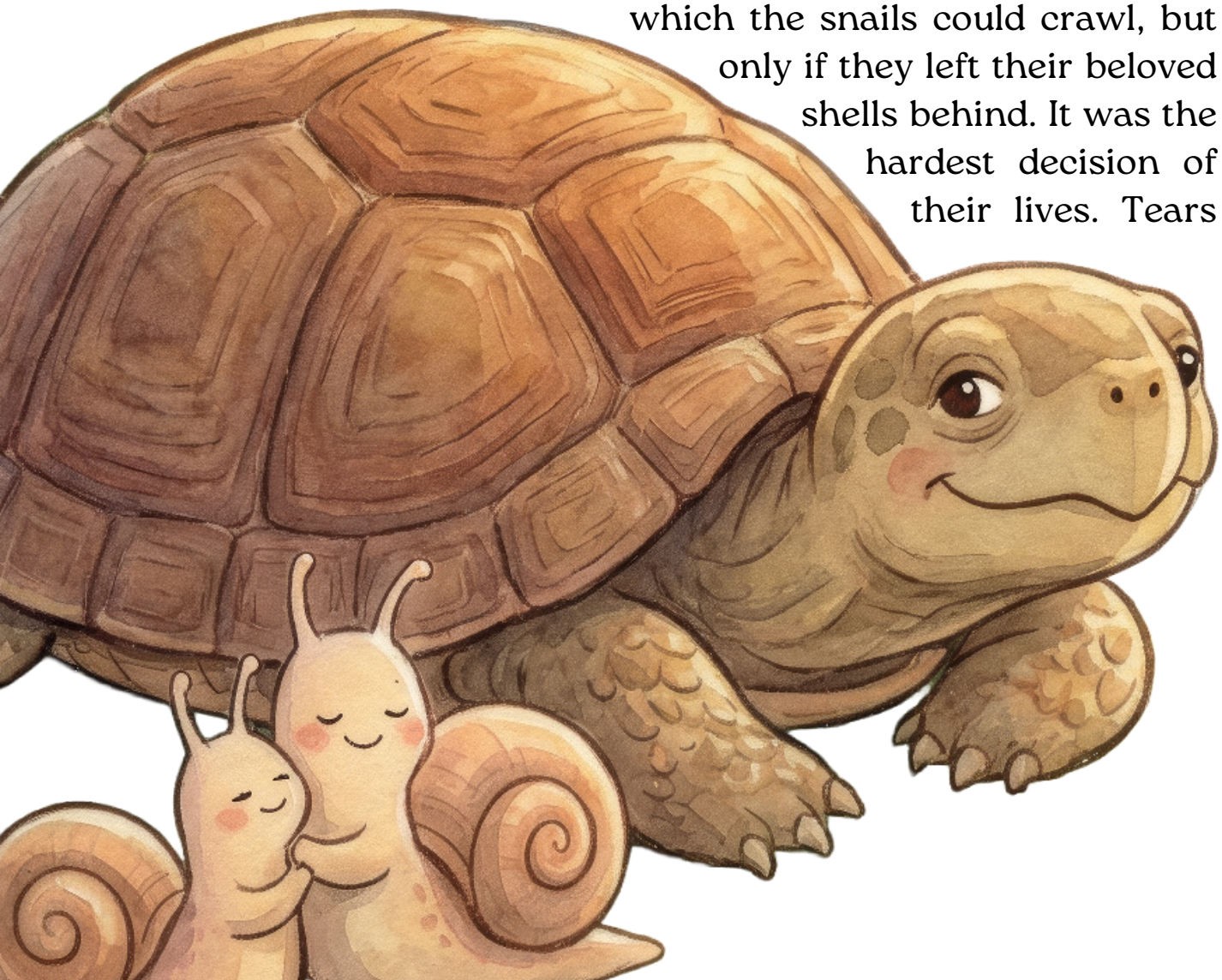
The seed opened her eyes and saw that the leaves had disappeared and the warm sun was shining brightly in the sky. She stretched towards the light, spread her leaves and raised her little yellow head. The other plants looked at her with curiosity, because it was the first time they had ever seen a tiny bright yellow sun rising from green grass.


Snails and the Shells that Grew Again
Katerina Ryzhi

# Snails and the Shells that Grew Again

*This story is written for Ukrainian refugees—children and their parents—who were forced to leave their homes due to the war in Ukraine and settle in other villages, cities, and countries.*

Friendly snail families lived in a sunny green grove. They had cozy little shell homes that they lovingly cared for. Their days were happy and peaceful, and it felt like they would last forever. But suddenly, sad times came. Big black bats, who lived in a faraway old forest, flew into the beautiful meadow, wanting it all for themselves. With high squeaky cries, they swooped down and set fire to the grove where the snails had lived so happily. The snails tried to escape the disaster, crawling as fast as they could to another forest. But a huge fallen tree blocked their path. There was no time to go around it. The fire was catching up with the families and the flames were almost upon them! There was a small gap between the tree and the ground, through which the snails could crawl, but only if they left their beloved shells behind. It was the hardest decision of their lives. Tears



fell from the snails' eyes as they slipped out of their dear shells and left them behind forever. They crawled through the narrow space to safety. Within moments, both the tree and all the little empty shells caught fire and burned up.

Now the snails found themselves feeling small and unprotected without their shells in a strange new place. The forest animals saw these scared, lost families and opened their nests and dens to them. The snails were very grateful for the warmth and support of their new friends. They made friends with their kind hosts, but it was hard to smile. Sadness still lived in their eyes. In the evenings, the snail families would gather by the blue lake and remember the past. An old turtle lived by the lake, and overhearing the snails' conversations, she came closer.

"When I was very young, my family also fled from danger. Like you, we left our homes in our native land and crawled to this forest," the old turtle said softly.

"But you have a home!" the snails exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes! Our homes slowly grew back. So will yours too!" the old turtle encouraged them.

"Is it possible? When? When will this happen?!" the snails pleaded.

In response, the turtle sang a song:

Be thankful for those near you,
A kind heart helps us heal.
Don't be afraid – beyond the clouds

The blue sky waits, so real.
Let dreams be born and guide your way,
Do what you love each day.
Each small step, each try you make,
Helps little shells grow strong.
And every smile, every little joy
A vitamin for homes to grow!

After the inspiring evening with the turtle, the snails began to look for interesting activities in the forest. The turtle kept singing her song to the snails, who gathered in the evenings after their daily tasks. “And every smile, every little joy is a vitamin for our homes to grow!” the snails sang along with the turtle.

After the sun came the moon, after autumn came winter, and after spring came summer. One day, a bird flew over the forest and saw on the shore of a blue lake, a turtle with a big shell and next to it, many little shells. The turtle and the snail families were having tea together.

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